

1st
A
DIALOGUE

between

the *D. of C.* and the *D. of P.*

Dutchess of Cleveland

at their meeting in

Dutchess of Portsmouth.

P A R I S.

With the Ghost of *France* shore.

28 March. 1682.

C. **A**Rt thou return'd my sister Concubine,
For all those subtle Cunning Arts of thine,
With which thou didst subdue our Monarch's heart
And would'st not let me with thee share a part.

Thou my great beauty did that heart subdue,
Long ere it could so meanly stoop to you?

P. I am return'd to see my native *France*,
The place where first I saw the world by Chance.
Thou mean by Birth, yet Fortune this can do,
Help by the charms of Wit and Beauty too,
Me thinks my Port and my illustrious Train,
Should rather move your envy than Disdain,

C. My envy! no thy meanness I dispise.
Thou art a Begger still tho in disguise.
The noble Ladys of the Gallick Court,
Will mock at your fine gaudy Train and Port,
Thy Convers and thy Company they'll scorn,
Since thou of Genteel Blood was't never born.

P. The King's Example Dutches you will find,
Shall make the Ladys of this Court more kind,
For many services for him I've done,
Which he I'm sure with Kindness now will own.
I've serv'd him with my person and my Wit,
But how, to tell you Madam, 'tis not fit.

C. If you have ought for this great Monarch done,
He'll make you then some Abbess or a Nun.
For I do find 'tis not the guise of *France*
Their Whores to noble Titles to advance
But Usually the Royal Miss is sent,
To some Religious Cloyster to repent.

P

P. It is not yet that time of Day with me,
Nor am I fallen to so low degree;
More joyful days I yet do hope to see.
Tho I have here of English Guinies store;
It hither will return, and get me more.
England will me a plenteous Harvest Yield,
Here to buy Lands and Palaces to Build.

C. Methinks you talk at an immodest rate,
Thou French She-Horle-leech of the English State.
Rome us'd to draw its richest Treasures thence
The English Gold was chang'd to Peters pence:
But now that Rome can draw from thence no more
It is Enriched by a Gallick ~~Prince~~.

P. If I'm immodest me thinks you are Vain,
This Idly of my riches to Complain:
England did once to you an Harvest Yield,
Alas! I have but the gleanings of the field.
Gold fell into your Lap with a spring tide,
But you have spent it on your Lust and Pride;
Your time is past the Bust has made you old,
And to be serv'd you now must give your gold.
Or fumble with some weak old Clergy man
To get a pill your royer to maintain.

C. O Madam you must needs be very chaste
If as they say the prior you embrac'd
I Laugh to hear of Chastity from you.
As if a Whore was E're to one man true.
I own my nature it is brave and high,
With *Messalina* I my self could Vie.
Let a dull Husband ly with her that's chaste
I by a Prince am fit to be embrac'd.

P. Brag not, your decay'd beauty is grown stale,
And all your Arts no longer can prevail.
I yet retain my glorious Conquering Charms.
Whilst you are banish'd from a Monarchs Arms
Alas your Beauty now is in the waine
No Art Can e're renew that Face again,
Madam the shining glories are all set
Which makes you thus at the successor fret.

C. Dull tool, my eyes yet sparkle and are good,
I feel a vigorous May yet in my blood,
I'm sound and free from any foul disease,
Can warm a Lover and know how to please.
Whilst thou Corrupted scents the very room
In spite of Essences and strang perfume.
I can't but wonder by what Magick Art
Thou e're could'st Conquer a great Monarchs heart,
That babys Face of thine and those black eyes,
Me thinks should ne'r an Heroes Love surprize.
None that are had eyes e're saw in that French face
O're much of Beauty form or Comly grace.

P. You are my Rival and may me dispile
But Lovers see not with your envious eyes.
If you in beauty have the greatest share,
And if that mine cannot with yours Compare
My wit exceeds and yours have prov'd but ill,
Since you'r Cast off and I am Court'd still.

C. When I did raigñ I like a Queen did show,
I sat above and saw Crown'd heads below,
Of Jewels and of Gold I had such store,
I knew not how to seek or wish for more.
To me the Idols of the Court all bow'd,
I was adored by the numerous Croud.
Till thou wert seen who with some Magic spell,
Some charm or philtre that was made in Hell;
Didst my great Heroes heart then steal away,
And took by hell bred Arts my Beauties Prey.
This be my comfort I did first subdue,
They were my Leavings that were shar'd to you.

P. It shows my Wit and Beauty had most power;
When I subdu'd your mighty Conquerour,
And that I broke into your Beauties Charms,
And ravish'd your Hero from your Arms.
I have rul'd as well as you and my French pate,
Have div'd into the great intreagues of State:
In Balls and Masques you revel'd out your nights,
But Madam I did relish state delights,
My politiques and Arts were deeper Bred,
Than ever came into your shallow Head,
Vain Pride and pleasure were the things you sought,
Whilst that four Kingdoms did imploy my thought:
States men did know that you were but a fool,
But they from me took Measures how to Rule:

C. And yet I see you are turnd off at last,
And all your cunning policies Misplac'd.

P. You are deceiv'd, and I shall make you mourne,
When you shall see me Madam back return
Mind you your pleasures game your time away,
My business will not let me log or stay.
To our great Monarch I have much to say.

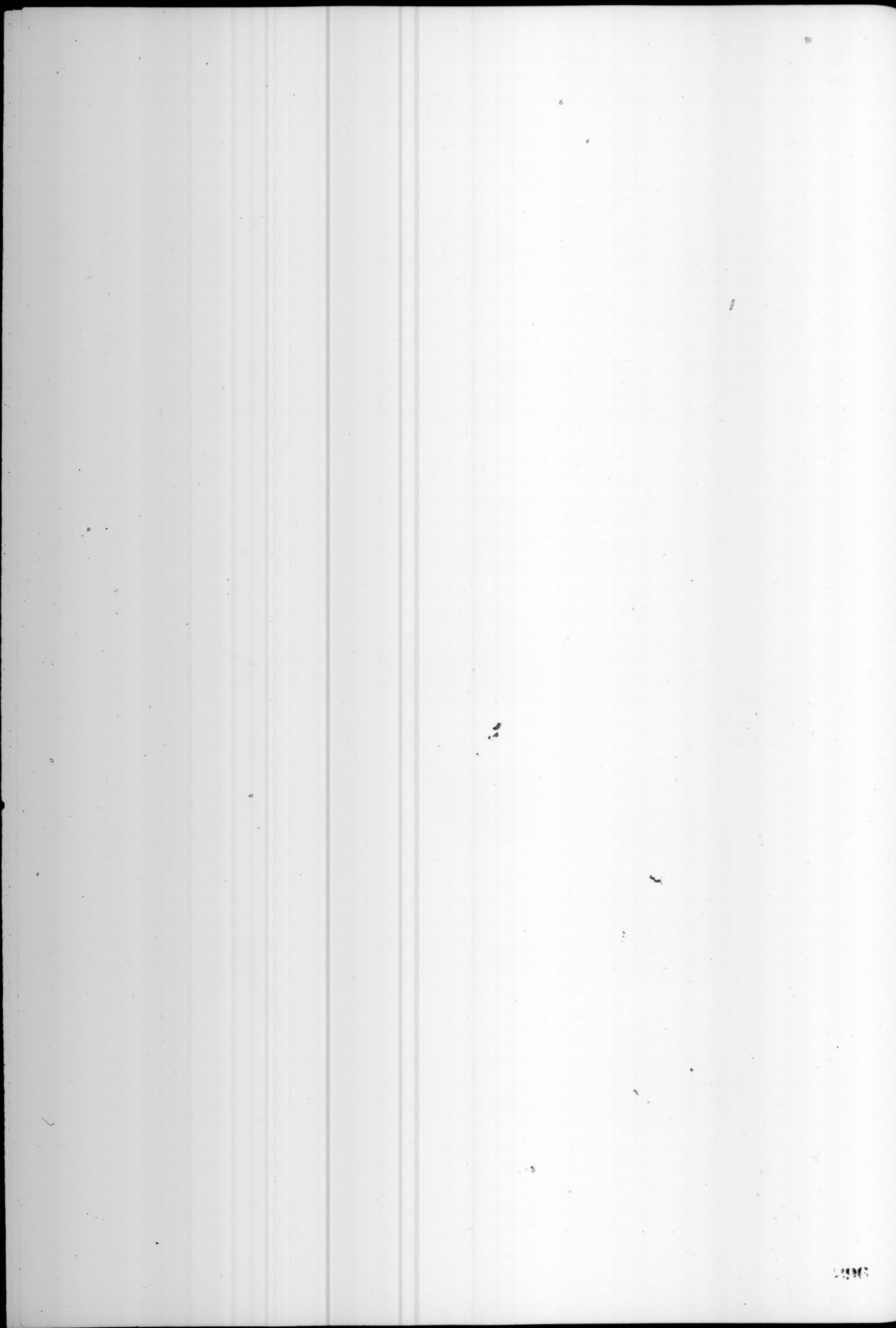
C. If back to *England* thou shouldst e're return,
May thou become the common Peoples scorn.
May against thee the *London* Prentise rise,
And may they pull out thy bewitching eyes.
Against that time I will go learn to Curse,
That Pox or Plague I'll wish thee something worse.

What spector's this!

P. O Heav'ns what have we here!
My Joynts do tremble and my soul doth fear.

The Ghost of *Jane Shore* to them

Ghost. Perhaps you know me not, yet take a view,
See what I am, I was once such as you
I was a whore a Royal Mistress too.



I was a woman of Egregious fame
 And like you two I gloried in my shame
 Edward my Lord was, and Jane Shore my name.
 I liv'd in splendor and enjoy'd delights,
 Feasted all day and in Loves luscious rights,
 Between a Monarchs Armes wore out the Nights.
 But when at last my happy Monarch dy'd,
 I lost my Riches Pleasures and my Pride,
 And all that ere was sweet or good beside.
 Alas, remember what of me became,
 My honour stain'd and black was all my fame,
 Scorn of the People to my self a shame.
 A wretch I grew wish'd I were never born,
 Poor and Contentin'd and every Rascals scorn,
 Unpitied, dy'd most wretched and forlorn.
 But happy had I been had this been all,
 Or if that I had had no farther fall,
 But Hell on my misdeeds aloud did call.
 Tormented in the flames of Hell below,
 No ease from Torment pain and endless woe
 For pleasures past my scorched soul doth know.
 Short were my pleasures while I lived here,
 And those were also mixt with grief and fear
 But pain Eternal's in the lower sphear.
 You two great Women great in lust and sin
 Repent, repent, and to reform begin.
 For your reward you Hell at last will win:
 Rivals look on me and Contend no more,
 What you are now I once was long before,
 Yet I am damn'd a tho' a Royal Whore.